SOME NEW BOOKS.

Three New Biographies.

I. ADMIRAL BLAKE.

About all that readers of Carlyle's "Cromwell" know of *Robert Blake* is that, being a Colonel in the army, and without any experience of navigation, he was suddenly transferred to the command of a fleet, and in that capacity rendered his country services which in their kind have only been surpassed by Nelson. It cannot be said that we obtain a much more definite conception of the man from the 190 pages comprised in the volume which Mr. DAVID HANNAY has contributed to the "English Worthies" series (Appletons). The naval actions of Blake are, of course, recounted in the archives of the Commonwealth, but materials for a vivid biographical portrait seem undiscoverable. How he looked, how he talked, what was his personal relation to his more eminent contemporaries, and his inward feeling toward the great Protector, Mr. Hannay cannot tell us on any trustworthy authority, but can only run over the story of his exploits, and place them in their proper historical setting. Yet he has at least assisted us to form in two respects a more correct notion of what Blake accomplished by defining its relation both to the customs of his time, and to the lofty standard fixed by the greatest of sea fighters. In the first place, he points out what is too often overlooked, that there was in those days nothing anomalous in the summons of an officer, acquainted only with land service, to command a ship in action. Through the sixteenth and up to the close of the seventeenth century this was a common practice. Mr. Hannay might have reminded us that the victor of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, was no professional sailor. What he does call on us to note is that two other Parliamentary Colonels no more qualified than he, were ordered to the fleet at the same time with Blake, and that a more famous officer of Cromwell's, also without maritime training, George Monk, subsequently served with marked distinction on the sea. There was nothing unique, therefore, in the relation of Blake's professional experience to his naval achievements. What was unique in his career was, that what some of his comrades under like conditions could do well, he did more thoroughly and brilliantly. How solid and how splendid his success really was became plain enough to England when, under the Restoration, the Dutch fleets swept the Channel and sailed in triumph up the Thames. Nor can those who would essay to fix his permanent rank among great captains forget that Robert Blake was opposed by Van Tromp and De Ruyter, who were among the greatest seamen of any age, and that he succeeded in an enterprise—the hazardous attack on Santa Cruz de Teneriffe—in which the victor of Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar was to meet with the one great failure of his life. It is true that Blake could not bring out the sixteen treasure ships which had taken refuge in a harbor supposed to be impregnable, but he burned and sank them, and the loss of the Spaniards in killed and wounded is said to have been frightful. Mr. Hannay does not in the least overrate the astonishment excited by this feat when he says that "since Gustavus Adolphus had routed Tilly at Breitenfeld no battle had so startled the world." An interesting passage is quoted from Clarendon, who, as we know, was not disposed to be lavash of his praise, where Commonwealth men were concerned. "The whole action at Santa Cruz," says Clarendon, "was so miraculous that all who knew the place wondered that any sober men, with what courage soever endued, would ever have undertaken it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done, whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner." It is also to be remembered that Blake made the attack on Teneriffe on his own responsibility, just as he had been without a superior officer or colleague when he engaged a Dutch fleet twice as strong as his own off Dungeness, and when he fired the war ships of the Barbary corsairs under the guns of Tunis. Another incident that well deserves commemoration is his browbeating of the Spaniard in the harbor of Malaga, which drew from Cromwell the famous saying that Lord Palmerston would fain have had the world believe his own, "I will make the name of Englishmen to be as much dreaded as ever was the name *Civis Romanus*."

II.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The fame of such men as Admiral Blake is an imperishable part of their country's annals; but to history as well as to biography we appeal in vain to justify in the eyes of posterity the reputation enjoyed among his contemporaries by *Sir Philip Sidney*, who has lately been portrayed for us anew by Mr. J. A. SYMONDS in the "English Men of Letters" series (Harpers). The author of the "Arcadia," of "Astrophel and Stella," and of the "Defence of Poesy" can only be termed an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" in a very different sense from that in which the phrase was applied to Keats. Irrespective of their author's age or personality, and tried by the standards of the most exacting taste, such poems as "Endymion" and "St. Agnes's Eve" will always rank among the master works of English literature. On the other hand, we do but roundly affirm a truth which, in words more or less ambiguous, every biographer of Sidney is constrained to recognize, that his compositions in prose and verse, and his achievements in the field of action, by which alone his talent can now be measured, would long ago have been forgotten but for the aureole that crowned him in his lifetime, and of which a faint reflection has been transmitted to our times. We may go further and assert that had the author of "Astrophel and Stella" not been a grandson of the Duke of Northumberland, a cousin of the Earl of Leicester, a nephew of the Earl of Sussex, and a brother-in-law of the Earl of Pembroke, but had been instead a needy and obscure hireling of the pen like Christopher Marlowe, we should have heard much less from his contemporaries about his poetic genius. Will any candid reviewer of his extant work deny that, after all, we give Sidney his due when we say of him, as it was said of Chesterfield, that he was a wit among lords and a lord among wits? It is scarcely possible, in view of the huge accumulation of claims to its remembrance, for posterity to go on honoring drafts upon its homage, based, as in the case of Sidney, upon promise rather than performance. He was doubtless an accomplished courtier, but even on this not elevated plane of effort Robert Dudley, Walter Devereux, and Walter Raleigh gave more substantial proofs of the gifts that please the great. He was a brave soldier, too; but whether he had in him the making of a great captain we know not, for he never exercised a high command. In the by no means specially important functions confided to him he showed some capacity for public affairs, but he never held a high place in the councils of Queen Elizabeth, and it seems an abuse of language to take on trust his possession of "statesmanship" when we have in view an age that knew Burleigh and Walsingham. It may be true, as would be inferred from the profuse, if not altogether trustworthy, eulogies of an epoch that did not trouble itself to collect any information about Shakespeare, that the man Philip Sidney was greater than his words and actions, but such an excuse for repeating the panegyrics is irrelevant, since only by the words and actions that survive them can men be judged at history's tribunal. Grant that his "*life* was a true poem;" the fact does not give his *works* any claim to a high rank in literature. Admit that Sidney was, as Mr. Symonds, like his previous biographers, is never weary of proclaiming him, "the typical English gentleman;" how do the urbane and charming qualities which such a character implies give him any right to figure in a list of English men of letters, which includes the names of Milton and of Wordsworth, of Byron and of Scott? We observe, indeed, that Mr. Symonds, in an introductory paragraph, acknowledges that now "we cannot hope to present such a picture of Sidney as shall wholly justify his fame," yet the whole of the succeeding volume represents, if we look at it closely, a painstaking but essentially hopeless effort to take back piecemeal the candid admission which, at the outset, is drawn from him in block.

III.—JOHN KEATS.

Of Keats, as of Sir Philip Sidney, posterity knows little, but there is this broad difference that, grateful to the bestower of a joy forever, the world in his case deplores its ignorance. Of Sidney, scarcely any one cares to hear, because not one man in a million can truly say that he has read through the "Arcadia" or the "Defence of Poesy," nor has one in a thousand so much as looked at "Astrophel and Stella." Of Keats, on the other hand, we are prompted to learn all we can by the kindly human interest that invests for us the fortunes of comrades and benefactors. Not that in this age of equity it can affect our sense of indebtedness a jot to know whether the far-seeing author of "*Exegi Monumentum*" was the son of a patrician or the son of a freedman, or whether the creator of "Endymion" was the son of a stable boy or the son of a Duke. Yet it is not only interesting but bracing to know under what staggering disabilities some of those who wear the laurel have run their race. Fraught, indeed, it is with not a little encouragement and hope to discover how many that start without the coveted equipment have won admittance even to a province apparently reserved for the favorites of circumstance, a knowledge of the substance and the spirit of Hellenic art and thought; to be told, for example, that Grote and Finlay, the foremost English historians of Greece, never had the supposed advantage of a university education, and that the Titan figure of Hyperion, which might, so far as insight is concerned, have come unfinished from the chisel of Phidias, was carved by one who probably could not read a line of a Greek author.

John Keats, it is well to remind those who attach superlative value to the influences of heredity and early environment, was the son of a hostler, who, by marrying the daughter of his employer, succeeded to the management of a livery stable. It was over this stable that the limner of "Isabella" and of "Lamia" was born. His parents could afford to send him to a small suburban school frequented by the sons of well-to-do City men. This he left, however, at the age of fifteen, to be apprenticed to a surgeon. When we add that he carried off such prizes as were offered at this school, that he imposed upon himself the task of translating into prose the whole of the Æneid, and is said to have learned Lemprierre's dictionary by heart, and that, finally, his acquaintance with Homer was gained through the medium of Chapman's translation (as we see from the familiar sonnet), we have exhausted the tale of his educational opportunities. What he was in himself we learn from those who knew him; we quote from Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN, the writer of the life of Keats in the "English Men of Letters Series," only the testimony of those who could recognize the presence of genius when they saw it. Thus Haydon, the painter, said of him: "Keats was the only man I ever saw who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling except Wordsworth." And again, "He had an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions." To the same effect Leigh Hunt wrote: "His [Keats's] eyes, at the recital of a noble action or a beautiful thought, suffused with tears, and his mouth trembled." Another competent witness, Mrs. Proctor, "has recorded the impression the same eyes left upon her as those of one who had been looking on some glorious sight."

When one calls Keats a Greek, one means, of course, that he thought and felt, not that he wrote like one. No one has drawn more nicely than Mr. Colvin the needful discrimination between the poet's untutored yet unerring insight into Greek ideals and the divergence in the projection of his conceptions from Greek treatment, which, in the absence of any acquaintance with Greek models at first hand, he could not be expected to reproduce. Apropos of "Endymion," for instance, Mr. Colvin remarks: "The manner in which Keats set about relating the Greek story was as far from being a Greek or 'classical' manner as possible. He indeed resembles the Greeks in his vivid sense of the joyous and multitudinous life of nature; and he loved to follow them in dreaming of the powers of nature as embodied in concrete shapes of supernatural human activity and grace. Moreover, his intuitions for every kind of beauty being admirably swift and true, when he sought to conjure up visions of the classic past, or images from classic fable, he was able to do so often magically well. To this extent Keats may justly be called a Greek, but no further." Of the same tenor is the comment on "Hyperion," in which he recognizes one of the grandest fragments in our language: "Though Keats sees the Greek world from afar, he sees it truly. The Greek touch is not his, but, in his own rich and decorated English way, he writes with a sure insight into the vital meaning of Greek ideas. For the story of the war of Titans and Olympians he had nothing to guide him except scraps from the ancient writers, principally Hesiod, as retailed by the compilers of classical dictionaries; and, from the scholar's point of view, his version would at many points have been arbitrary, mixing up Latin conceptions and nomenclature with Greek, and introducing much new matter of his own invention. But as to the essential meaning of that warfare and its result—the dethronement of an older and ruder worship by one more advanced and humane, in which ideas of ethics and of arts held a larger place beside ideas of nature and brute powers—as to this it could not possibly be divined more truly, or illustrated with more beauty and force."

As to the once current notion that Keats was bruised, and even crushed, by the savage treatment of his poems at the hands of malignant and incompetent reviewers, this is now well known to be a myth. The truth is, as Mr. Colvin has made plain enough, that Keats had no irritable vanity, and was not particularly hurt by the spite and drivel of his *London Quarterly* and *Blackwood* traducers. Neither is it consonant with the facts to assume, as Shelley has done, that we should have had a more splendid accomplishment had the life of Keats been outstretched a little longer. A few years would have added nothing worthy of his previous achievements, unless he could have counted also on a renewal of his youth's vitality. For more than a year before his death (at 26, in 1821), premature physical decay had seriously weakened his powers of imagination, as is unmistakably revealed by a comparison of the recast of "Hyperion" with the first published draft. Of what he left behind—and how few have left more!—the best was all garnered in the brief harvest time from March, 1818, to October, 1819. When we think of him it is with such feelings as are uttered in the closing words of his latest biographer: "The days of the years of his life were few and evil, but above his grave the double aureole of poetry and friendship shines immortally."

M. W. H.

The Sister of Frederick the Great.

Readers of Carlyle's Frederick the Great have had many a glimpse of the memoirs left behind her by the King's sister, Wilhelmina, who became by marriage the Margravine of Baireuth. The whole book, with the exception of some scandalous details more suited to the taste of the unsqueamish seventeenth century than to that of our own, is now placed before them in a new English translation by one of the daughters of Queen Victoria, the Princess Christian (Harpers). This is not, however, as has been represented in some notices, the first time in which the memoirs have appeared in English dress, a version having been published in London in 1812, apparently a reproduction of a French translation printed in the same year. The Princess Christian does not recognize the existence of her predecessor's work, and it must also be said that she greatly overrates in the introduction the utility of these reminiscences considered as historical documents. Ranke does not ascribe much value to them except as illustrative of the domestic life of the Prussian royal family and the manners of the time. Droysen, after a close scrutiny, pronounces them absolutely untrustworthy, and Carlyle opined that twenty-five and in parts seventy-five per cent. of their contents should be rejected as false. As occasionally a gross blunder is corrected in a foot note, it may be presumed that the translator intended to preserve the reader from misconceptions, but, if so, her purpose has been very imperfectly carried out. On the whole, from the point of view of historical competence, this performance does not justify the wish of the Princess Christian to figure creditably in the ranks of book makers, although, considered merely as a piece of English composition, it is sufficiently fluent and readable.

As this book is likely to have a good many readers partly on its own account and partly for the irrelevant reason that it has been translated by a princess, it may be well enough to mark a few of the errors in the text to which no heed is paid by the translator and editor. Thus, in a foot note to page 33 we are told that the distance mentioned in the text as "four miles" means "about sixteen English miles." On the other hand, on pages 270 and 271 and elsewhere we are informed in notes that the "miles" referred to in the text represent just double the number of miles English. The first statement is inaccurate, and the second involves a glaring error. A princess, whose father was a German, ought, one would think, to be aware that the German short mile is nearly equal to 3.9 English miles, the German long mile to 5.75 miles English, and the specific Prussian mile to about 4.7 miles, according to the English mode of measurement. In a note to page 80 we read that "Prussia [the district which came to the House of Brandenburg from the Teutonic Knights] was at that time [1727] still a distinct province under Polish jurisdiction." This conveys a wrong impression. Over the province of East Prussia the King of Poland still retained the feudal right of suzerainty, but if by jurisdiction is meant the normal civil or military administration, that, of course, belonged to the Brandenburg elector, who in the previous reign had assumed the title of King of Prussia.

On page 68 we come upon the following sentence: "In the year 1717 the Emperor had founded an East India Company in Ostend, a small town in Holland." The translator thinks it needful to point out in a note that the Emperor alluded to was Charles VI., but omits to correct the error about the topography of Ostend, which makes nonsense of a whole paragraph. Ostend, of course, did not belong to Holland, but to the Austrian Low Countries.

If there was any subject on which the Princess Wilhelmina might have been expected to be rightly informed, it would be, one might suppose, the judgment of the court martial by which her brother Frederick and his friend Katt were tried after their unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Prussian dominions. The Margravine of Baireuth writes (page 161) that both her brother and Katt were "condemned to the scaffold." This assertion is so wide of the truth that it should never have been suffered to pass uncontradicted by the translator. As to Frederick himself, the facts are that the court martial declared it had no jurisdiction, and pronounced the attempted flight a family affair between father and son, for which the articles of war made no provision. Some members of the tribunal went so far as to add that in any case the Prince had sufficiently expiated his offence by incurring the indignity of arrest. Even Katt the court by a bare majority refused to sentence to the full penalty for desertion, and upon a second hearing, demanded by the King, adhered to the same merciful verdict. It was by the King's personal fiat, or, in other words, by what was virtually an act of wilful murder, that the death penalty was inflicted upon Katt under circumstances of peculiar barbarity.

We have doubtless laid bare enough of these oversights to prove that until this translation of the memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth is more adequately edited it should not be put into the hands of any reader likely to depend upon it for impressions of historical events. It can only be used with profit by those who already possess some accurate information about the times and persons described.

That these memoirs throw some light upon the character of the author's brother, Frederick the Great, is undeniable; indeed, that is the chief pretext for their publication. But even upon this point the testimony of the Princess Wilhelmina must be received with caution, as her affection for the most famous member of her family was too ardent to be discriminating. If her own personality can be allowed to have been of enough historical importance to make its vivid delineation a matter of moment, we are certainly helped by the autobiography to form a clear idea of her. Yet we see her in these pages not altogether as she was, but as she wished to be seen, for they were penned after she had reached years of maturity, and bear abundant marks of her desire to leave a favorable impression on the reader. Thus, although as a rule she does not try to disguise her detestation of her father, which his harsh treatment indisputably justified, she appears now and then to bethink herself that others may deem her wanting in filial duty, and interjects, accordingly, some perfunctory expressions of affection, and in a rather labored way essays to recognize the virtues which, with all his repulsive faults and habits, Frederick William I. must be owned to have possessed.

Even as to the life of her illustrious brother, it is only on the earlier and less interesting stages that the Margravine's memoirs shed much illumination, for they break off abruptly in 1743, fifteen years before her own death, and when the public career of Frederick II. had scarcely more than begun.

Book Notes.

A revised edition of the Letters and Books of Lady Mary Montague is issued by Scribner & Welford, in two convenient volumes, identical in form with Bohn's Standard Library.

An excellent zoölogy for young people is Sarah Cooper's "Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land" (Harpers). It is somewhat discursive in its range, and has proved of interest to the classes of children for which it was prepared. The illustrations are good.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's "Gretchen" (G. W. Dillingham) is a novel with an elaborate plot, which embraces a vast amount of detail. The reader will forgive some occasional exaggeration, either in incident or the delineation of character, in view of the interest of the story.

Scribner & Welford have sent us Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," reprinted from the sixth edition, with an introductory sketch of the history of political economy, by Ernest Belfort Bax. It is published in two volumes, and forms the latest addition to the well-known Bohn's Standard Library.

"Ishmael; or, In the Depths," which Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth considers her very best work, has just been published by the Petersons of Philadelphia. It is a stirring novel, founded on the career of a well-known American, and will be followed by a sequel to be designated "Self-Raised; or, From the Depths."

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer's "Girls' Book of Famous Queens" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) comprises biographies of sixteen sovereigns, from semi-legendary Semiramis of Assyria down to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. They are all marked by careful historical research, and those of Queens who have flourished since the beginning of the sixteenth century abound in picturesque and dramatic details.

One of the most elegant specimens of book making, considered from a purely mechanical point of view, ever issued from the American press, is "An Operetta in Profile, by Czeika" (Ticknor & Co., Boston). Paper, press work, and tastefulness of binding leave nothing to be desired. Of the contents of the volume we are unable to speak with confidence. So far as we are able to discover, it seems to be a rather tiresome satire on modern society of no special perspicuity or significance.

One of the best novels of the season, both in respect of delineation of character and ingenuity of plot, is "A Terrible Legacy," by G. W. Appleton (Appletons). The mystery which confronts the reader at the outset of the story is unravelled with skill, and with no attempt at sensationalism. The scene is laid in the South Downs of England, and the author seems particularly familiar with the dialect, manners, and superstitions of Sussex.

Mr. G. A. Henty, a prolific writer of historical novels, is the author of "Orange and Green" (Scribner & Welford), a story describing the rising of the Irish people, nominally to maintain the rights of James II., but in reality to protect their lives, property, and religion against the Protestant party, then in the height of its power. It is dramatically told and exhibits a commendable knowledge of the history of the troubled period it seeks to illustrate.

In "The Lost Wedding Ring" (Putnams) an anonymous writer discusses the subject of a true marriage in a semi-humorous and occasionally irreverent strain, but, on the whole, with decided common sense. His interpretation of certain passages in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis and some of his historical statements will probably be rejected by orthodox Christians, but the conclusions at which he arrives will be accepted by all sensible people. [Incidentally the author expresses his disapproval of remarriage by divorced persons.

Both children and adults are likely to find Dr. Jerome Walker's little manual, "Health Lessons" (Appletons), entertaining reading. The simplicity of his style and the quaintness and humor of his illustrations will attract the former, while older readers can master the rudiments of health science within very reasonable limits. The book is arranged upon a novel plan, and the author's remarks upon the effects of alcoholic stimulants are well adapted to the comprehension of juvenile readers.

The purpose of Prof. Borden P. Bowne's "Philosophy of Theism" (Harpers) may be thus summarized: He has not undertaken to prove the divine existence, but rather to propose a solution of the problem which the world and life force upon mankind; and he holds that without a theistic faith, "we must stand as dumb and helpless before the deeper questions of thought and life as a Papuan or a Patagonian before an eclipse." His views are expressed in a singularly clear and direct style.

Under the title of "Culture's Garland" Ticknor & Co. of Boston publish a selection from Mr. Eugene Field's contributions in prose or verse to the Chicago *Daily News*. Although for the most part of a local character, these productions are so racy in humor that they are sure to be appreciated far beyond the limits of Chicago. The criticism of "Die Walkurie" and of Wagner's music in general, which affords a fair specimen of Mr. Field's work, while unsurpassed in grotesque audacity, is noteworthy as expressing the views of most persons who have heard the Wagnerian music.

The Government Printing Office has issued the "Report of the Operations of the Life Saving Service" for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886. During that period disasters happened to 322 vessels, having on board 2,726 persons, of whom only 27 were lost. Property to the amount of $5,073,078 was saved, and $1,429,057 worth of property was lost, and the number of vessels totally lost was 88. Notwithstanding this was a year of exceptional storminess, the loss of life was fifteen below the average. The life saving service is well managed.

Dr. Rodney Glisan's "Two Years in Europe" (Putnams) is scarcely more than a careful and trustworthy guide book for those parts of Great Britain and the Continent which he visited. To persons intending to make a European tour for the first time it will prove of considerable value; to those who have gained that experience it will be of no value whatever, unless perhaps to revive old memories. The chapter describing the doctors and students of Paris is one of the author's best. We notice that he vehemently opposes the practice of mixing wine or spirits with their water so generally adopted by American travellers on the Continent.

FAMOUS OLD TREES IN NORTHERN ENGLAND.

One of the Great Beauties of that Beautiful Country.

From the Gardeners' Chronicle.

Eden Hall, the residence of the late Sir Richard Musgrove, is famed for several memorable trees. The finest are two remarkable specimens of cedar of Lebanon, supposed to be 270 years old. The trees are planted as a pair and have a spread of 105 feet diameter, with great bushy heads, and are still quite healthy and sound.

Brougham Hall, the residence of Lord Brougham and Vaux, is notable for a famous old avenue of oaks and walnut. Originally it was formed of two rows of oaks and one of walnut. Only two walnut trees now remain, but the oaks are still nearly intact and sound, healthy trees. This avenue was planted as an approach to the fine old castle, and must date from an early period, as they are all shown in full growth on some very old plans of the castle grounds. One oak girths sixteen feet, with at least twenty feet of a straight bole, and all are about 60 feet high.

Dalemain, the residence of 'Squire Hasell, has avenue oaks which form one of the sights of Cumberland. They are planted in two distinct avenues, the first as you approach the hall from Penrith, and the second by the private road from Dacie Hall and church. On either road you may drive through an avenue of oaks, each avenue about a mile long.

Greystoke Castle, the residence of H. C. Howard, Esq., is surrounded by fine plantations, which were formed in 1746 by the late Duke of Norfolk. Owing to their high elevation these have not attained remarkable dimensions, but they are decidedly remarkable for the great improvement they have made in the landscape of the district, and for their forest value. A remarkable specimen of the silver fir (*abies pectinata*) stands near the castle, which is 97 feet high and measures 15½ feet girth. It has a fine tapering habit, and is still a sound, healthy tree.

Lowther Castle, the residence of the historic family of Lowther, is famed for its arboricultural gems of antiquity. The oaks can safely be registered as one of the "county lions," particularly those which are dotted over that portion of the park called the Elysian Field, all being noble specimens, and several supposed to be 1,000 years old. They show their antiquity by having hollow trunks, but still show good heads of foliage.

The common ash is represented at Lowther by two venerable trees, now by reason of their great age hoary with antiquity. They are very appropriately called Adam and Eve. They are supposed to be about 800 years old. Their girth is 22 feet 4 inches and 21 feet 7 inches respectively.

Edmond Castle, the residence of Reginald Graham, Esq., has many noble trees, prominent being the Lebanon cedars planted by the late F. H. Graham, Esq. Stone House, Hayton, the residence of Gen. Sir John Ross, has some interesting trees. One is a fine specimen of the evergreen oak, the finest in the country. Brayton Hall, the residence of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, possesses some fine trees. Three remarkably formed larch trees grow on the lawn, and are supposed to have been of the original trees introduced into this county. All are about 50 feet high, with fine sound boles and beautiful rough-ribbed bark. There also is a fern-leaved beech about 63 feet high; girth 9 feet 2 inches, and 192 feet circumference of spread in splendid foliage. It is of a fine bushy pyramidal form. This is the largest and best specimen in the country.

Corby Castle, the residence of P. J. C. Howard, Esq., is famous for its romantic position and the beautiful sylvan views beside the banks of the Eden. The plantations were formed by Thomas Howard, Esq., about 1720, and he formed them principally of Scotch pine and larch. These have attained maturity, and the greater portion have been cut. The old oak, elm, and sycamore that remain are evidently of a much older date.

Naworth Castle, the residence of the Earl of Carlisle, was famed in history as the home of the border chief "Belted Will," who flourished about the year 1560. A fine old specimen of the common yew, sound and healthy, still remains close to the castle, which is mentioned in the records of the period of 1560 as a fully developed tree, and according to which it is safe to presume that this tree is at least 500 years old. That the tree, after so many centuries of growth, should still be in the greatest health and vigor is certainly remarkable.

AN ACTOR'S LOVE LETTERS.

And Other Matters for the Hopper of the Second-hand Paper-stock Dealer.

"Love letters? oh, yes, we come across them quite often in our stock; but we have no time to read 'em. You see business, not sentiment, is my motto," said a down town dealer in paper-stock. "When people are leaving a house they have lived in a good many years they don't care to be bothered with old papers, and they just sell them to us at so much a pound, whether it is love letters, or magazines, or whatever it may be.

"I did have rather a notable experience with a love letter once, though. I was sorting over a bundle which had just arrived from a house up town—for we always sort over in case there should happen to be anything valuable—when a monogram on a letter met my eye. I knew that monogram, and I thought that perhaps it might be something that ought to be sent back. I glanced at the letter, and then I saw what it was. It was from a lady belonging to one of our first families, so called, to a well-known actor, who made a furor in New York quite a number of years ago. The actor had stopped in that house awhile, and don't seem to have thought the letters worth taking with him, or perhaps he forgot them. At any rate they came down here in that bundle, an ocean of them, and some of them had not even been opened, which shows how little actors think of that kind of correspondence. The whole lot went for paper stock. No, I didn't keep one. It would not have been business like.

"And we have old checks and old telegrams by the ton. All business houses get rid of them as old paper after keeping them for a certain length of time, and sometimes the price of the waste paper is all they get out of a good many of the checks. It all comes into the hopper at from a cent to a cent and a quarter a pound, for paper stock just now is very low; it has never been lower.

"Those album covers? They come to us at a price a little above waste paper, and sometimes we get quite a good figure for them. You see, the wholesale houses that deal in albums send out only the covers as specimens, and when a cover is out of date it comes into the second-hand dealer's hopper.

"At the new directory season we reap quite a crop of the last year's directories, all as waste paper, and sell them for $1 apiece. A good many would just as soon have them as the new ones.

"But Aldermen and other politicians are among our best customers in old, or rather second-hand books. May seem queer, but it's a fact. They get heaps of books from Washington, besides State and city documents, and they just put them to one side until the heap gets inconvenient, and then they pack them off to the paper-stock dealer. In many instances such books have not been even taken out of the packages. But it's all the same to us. We pay a cent and a quarter for them."

POEMS WORTH READING.

Seasonable Rhymes.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell to summer sun and summer breeze,
To summer dissipation, summer ease;
Farewell to summer pleasures, hopes, and cares,
Temptations, promises, illusions, snares;
Farewell to days of languorous indolence,
That sap the energy and dull the sense;
Farewell to nights that woo us out of doors
To porch and hammock and to breezy shores;
Farewell the season when abroad we roam,
Farewell the season when we know no home.

A WELCOME.

Now welcome the autumnal days that fill
The limbs with vigor and all languor kill;
The vivifying days with whose return
The brain awakes and new ambitions burn;
Now welcome the autumnal wind and rain
That homeward drive the wanderer again;
And welcome to the nights that colder grow
And bring once more the fireside's sacred glow;
Of all of summer's pleasures none can be
Compared with autumn's domesticity.

The New Hail Columbia.

Written for the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia.

1798.

Hail Columbia: Happy land!
Home of heroes, heaven born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace their valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!
While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read!
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us, for all, was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor; nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!
While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Hail, Columbia, strong and free,
Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
And make the Western land thine own!
Blest in the Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,
Every voice its tribute lend,
In the loving chorus blend!
While the stars in heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever shall the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

September.

From the Boston Pilot.

September! and in mirthless mood,
Whose very frowns become her,
From sandy shore and shady wood
Reluctant turns the summer;
Beneath her glance the asters nod,
Still fain to be her vassals,
And as she goes the golden rod
Uplifts its royal tassels.

With her departure, from the fields
Their sweet enchantment passes;
To tawny tints and colors yields
The verdure of the grasses;
And where the sirens sang their song,
Beside the silver surges,
Soon will resound the coast along
The equinoctial dirges.

Now flock the dryads to the grove,
Beneath whose leafy cover
With winsome ways each seeks to prove
The fondness of her lover;
The maples blush to view their grace,
While, with more princely manners,
The oaks and birches screen the place
With gold and scarlet banners.

Thrice fortunate is he whose fate
Now grants a little leisure
To wander in the woods and wait
On autumn for his pleasure;
Whether, with Nimrod for his guide,
The fleeing game he follows,
Or saunters peacefully beside
Some streamlet in the hollows.

He hears the good-bys that the birds
Sing to their trysting bowers,
The secrets of their parting words
With all the trees and flowers;
He sees the loveliness which don
The latest buds that blossom,
Before they fall asleep upon
The earth's maternal bosom.

O, golden days of autumn time!
O, season full of sweetness!
In which the year exceeds its prime,
And nature gains completeness.
Who fancies summer's sunny moods
Her dalliance may remember;
But ah! the beauty of the woods,
The splendors of September.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

Again.

From the Boston Transcript.

Oh, sweet and fair! oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow.
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
Forever, evermore.

Oh, fit and few! oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day;
Each one the other's spirit knew,
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore.
He said: "Such days shall come again,
Forever, evermore."

One day again no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast;
And yet we strove in vain, in vain
To conjure up the past.
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like, unlike, evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between;
And when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred our harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said;
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh, never, nevermore!"

The Thank-You Prayer.

From Woman at Work.

Once upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler said—
While a father's arm caressing,
Round the precious form was pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty, curl-ringed head.

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober, solemn air?
How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in Heaven such a pretty thank-you prayer?

"And I wonder all about it,
For of course I could not doubt it
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to one another,
To say thank you for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it; so I asked my darling mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her; but I want to know real bad"—
Here the shy eyes lifted brightly,
"Is it treating God politely
When He gives us things, to never mind nor tell Him we are glad?

"And since then I have been thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking?"
For a slow sob shook the strong man as each keen, unconscious word
Pierced him, all the past unveiling
And the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receival—how the heedless heart was stirred.

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And His sacred arm caressed them;"
Murmuring thus, he touched the child-brow with a passionate, swift kiss
Of the little one beside him;
Of the angel sent to chide him;
And a thank-you prayer, ah, never more his living lips shall miss.

To Andrew Lang.

From Underwoods.

Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair,
Who glory to have thrown in air,
High over arm, the trembling reed,
By Ale and Kail, by Till and Tweed:
An equal craft of hand you show
The pen to guide, the fly to throw.
I count you happy starred; for God,
When He with inkpot and with rod
Endowed you, bade your fortune lead
Forever by the crooks of Tweed,
Forever by the woods of song,
And lands that to the Muse belong.
Or if in peopled streets, or in
The abhorred pedantic sanhedrim,
It should be yours to wander, still
Airs of the morn, airs of the hill,
The plovery forest and the seas
That break about the Hebrides,
Should follow over field and plain,
And find you at the window pane;
And you again see hill and peel,
And the bright springs gush at your heel.
So went the fiat forth, and so
Garrulous like a brook you go,
With sound of happy mirth and sheen
Of daylight—whether by the green
You fare that moment, or the gray,
Whether you dwell in March or May;
Or whether treat of reels and rods
Or of the old unhappy gods;
Still like a brook your page has shone,
And your ink sings of Helicon.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A Political Prediction.

From Judge.

You see ef Blaine should git the Irish vote,
And Sherman shouldn't carry his own State,
Or Hawley's temperance views should cut his throat,
Or Hill should be the one they nominate,
And Cleveland fail to win the free-trade men,
Or Lincoln in the West should pop'lar be,
Or Watterson or Reid should kick, why then
I'm blamed ef I kin tell how it will be.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The True Circumstances of the Mutiny on the Ship Two Sisters.

Twenty-seven years ago this day occurred the mutiny on the ship Two Sisters. All the circumstances were published at the time, but I doubt if there are to-day a dozen people in the United States who can recall them. I was one of the crew, and a participant, and I am now going to give the story of the crime, and leave the reader to judge who was to blame that the mutiny came about.

The Two Sisters was a fair-sized ship, carrying from sixteen to nineteen men, and was owned and sailed from Glasgow. I had come around to Glasgow on a coaster from Liverpool, having no chance to get a ship, and being willing to take up with anything to earn my way until times got better. The Two Sisters was bound for Rio Janeiro, and the day I got into Glasgow was her day for sailing. Oddly enough, a common seaman got a fall which disabled him, and I was shoved into his place, and the ship was off almost before I could turn my head, and certainly before I was prepared for such a long voyage. I had been to sea for several years previous to this shipment, and had rated as "able" more than once, but in this case I was rated as "ordinary," and the pay was to be for such. I was then about 23 years old, a thorough Yankee by birth and feelings, and as I had neither parents nor home I did not care in which direction I sailed.

Now, to help you comprehend what finally happened, I want to say that no sailing ship ever left port with everything entirely satisfactory to Sailor Jack. He is a chronic grumbler, just as the farmer is, but he means no more by his grumbling. He will kick on the food, on the weather, on the cargo, on his quarters, on almost everything connected with the ship and her voyage; but it is simply a fashion, and he doesn't expect anybody to take him in earnest. And I say further that there is no English, Scotch, German, or American sailing ship afloat to-day in which the Captain cares two cents for the life of a foremast hand. The mates are born bullies, ready to knock a man down on the slightest provocation, and they will make the provocation themselves. Jack may be cut and bruised and ill, but it is only when he falls helpless that he is permitted to leave his watch. He is not supposed to have any more feelings than an ox, and it would seem as if the aim of most officers was to make him forget his manhood. The ditch diggers in any country live better than the average sailors. Jack's hours are longer than any workingman's, his pay is less, and there isn't a day from the time the voyage is begun until it ends that his life is not in peril. And, to cap the climax, he is a man to put up with everything. He expects poor grub, plenty of abuse, a great deal of dirty weather, and a close shave for his life about once in so often. He will stand more bulldozing than a black slave, and more abuse than an ox. Mutiny at sea is a rare occurrence. The American marine does not average one in five years. This isn't because the provocation is lacking, for that exists on almost every ship every day, but because Jack is willing to bear to the last moment before he turns. In my time I have known sailors to cut their throats, hang themselves, or leap overboard to end their wretched lives—made wretched and unbearable by a bullying mate. A soldier would have shot down his officer in such cases. A slave would have run away.

We were not out of sight of the coast before it was found that both mates were bullies, the Captain a tyrant, and our grub the poorest which could be purchased for a ship. The crew were far above the average in point of looks and seamanship. As we were mustered to be divided into watches I was surprised to note the fine bearing of the men. It was just such a crew as a Captain could feel confidence in during a long and perilous voyage. If there was a shirk among the lot, his looks did not betray him. When we were divided off I fell to the Captain's watch, which is in reality the second mate's watch, and I found two more Americans with me—Johnson and Green. They were able seamen of middle age, and there was but one younger man than I in either watch. In the first six hours of our being afloat I saw four men knocked down by the mates without provocation enough to have called out a rebuke from some officers, while the Captain, who was evidently a hard drinker, exhibited his temper in various ways. It is usual for the Captain of a ship to make a little speech to the men when the watches are divided. It is done not to encourage, but to intimidate. It is to further show Jack that he has no moral or legal rights whatever, and that if he isn't brained next day with a belaying pin, it is because his officers are willing to overlook and condone his heinous offences. When our watches were called Capt. McKay stepped forward and said:

"I have been looking you over, you dirty scum of the docks, and I find there isn't a sailor among you. I wouldn't have shipped such a gang of sojers for a mud scow. You have come aboard under false pretences, calculating to feast on pie and cake and have a trip for your health. Look out for me, you d——d riffraff. I'll make some of you wish you had never been born before this voyage is over."

That was his speech as one of the sailors wrote it down, and that was the cue the mates were to take. When the off watch went below the men remarked to each other that it looked as if we had signed articles with a bad man, but there was no criticism. When supper was served we found the beef outrageous. The smell of it was sufficient to turn a sailor's stomach, and you can imagine that it must have been pretty high. The tea could never have seen the inside of a chest. I doubt if it was anything more that the leaves of trees and shrubs. The ship biscuit had better been called ship grubs. There was more worm than biscuit in each case, and as hungry as we were not a man made a pretence of eating. It is the rule of every ship that Jack may come aft with his complaint. He was expected to in this case. The Captain was on deck when he should have been below. He looked for a kick against the provisions, and he proposed to shut the grumblers right up. After a forecastle conference it was decided to appeal to the Captain. Not a man of either watch could touch the provisions. An oldish man, who was a thorough sailor, very intelligent, and the last to find fault, was selected as spokesman, and he put some of the provisions in a kid, and we followed him to the mainmast. As I told you, it was evident the Captain and mates looked for a protest, for all were on deck. The name of our spokesman was Herbert, and he was English born. The Captain came forward to meet us as we grouped around Herbert with hats off, and after looking us over he shouted out:

"Well, d——n your eyes, why don't you speak up? What is wanted of me?"

"If you please, sir," said Herbert, "we can't eat the grub."

"Oh! you can't! You are probably disappointed. You expected oyster soup, Java coffee, hot biscuit and honey, and your stomachs have gone back on you!"

"Your Honor, but will you please smell of this beef?" asked Herbert, advancing a step.

"Smell of the beef, you hounds, you!" howled the Captain. "Did the owners engage me to sail the ship or to smell of the forecastle beef? I sized you up on the start for a lot of skulking sojers, and here's proof that I was right. You are a lot of d——d mutinous dogs, and now's the time to give you a lesson."

With that the three officers began the attack, never minding who they hit, and driving the watch on deck forward with the others. The man at the wheel was, I believe, the only man who escaped a blow, while not a sailor raised his hand in reply. The ship was running off before a light breeze, and for fifteen minutes the three men had it their own way. Then the Captain's watch was called, the other sent below and as we came on deck Capt. McKay said:

"There, curse you for a lot of dock loafers, I hope you have found out who sails this ship. The man who dares come aft with another complaint will get his brains knocked out."

There were nine of us in the Captain's watch, which, as I told you, was really the second mate's watch, no Captain standing a watch at sea unless he so wills. Every one of us had been struck or kicked, and two of the men had been savagely beaten on the head, and were covered with blood. The name of the first mate, who now went below with the Captain, was McLogan. The name of the second mate was Andrews. He was a younger man than the others, and perhaps had more heart, for after a bit, while Herbert had the wheel, he stopped near him and observed:

"The old man is a little rough, but one of the best seamen out of Glasgow. You complained too soon."

"But, Mr. Andrews, what are we to do for grub?" asked Herbert. "There isn't a man in the fo'castle as can eat such stuff."

"Well, it's not my lookout what the owners furnish. Unless you men wan't h—ll to pay you will turn to and make the best of it."

That closed the conversation. Not a man of us spoke of mutiny or even the slightest resistance to lawful authority. When our watch was up we turned in and went to sleep. I for one cherished the hope that the provisions would be better in the morning. The officers had only to taste them to realize that they were totally unfit, and I hoped the Captain would do this and thus do away with all cause for further complaint. As the kids were brought forward at breakfast time, however, we scented the stinking beef long before it reached us, and we found the biscuit and tea as vile as ever. Having eaten nothing since the previous noon, and all of us being hearty men, you can imagine that we were sharp set. Not a man of us, however, could swallow that food, and the kids and pannikins were left standing at the windlass for the cook to carry back with their contents untouched. The men looked at each other with troubled faces, but there was no threat of mutiny. We went to our work on empty stomachs, as also did the other watch, and, though the officers knew it, not a word was said. The men chewed an extra quantity of tobacco, and hoped that noon would soften the Captain's heart.

Noon brought no change, and when supper was served and we found the same grub placed before us, the man broke out with curses. If the food had been eatable, don't you suppose that sailors, who had been from twenty-four to thirty hours without eating a mouthful, would have at least nibbled at it? I am telling you what I afterward made affidavit to. I made repeated attempts to worry down some of the meat, but each time it was rejected. Some of the men who got a few swallows of the tea down were made dreadfully sick. Again we went supperless, but now the men began to assert that no law of the high seas permitted a Captain to starve his crew. We would wait until morning, and, if the food was not changed, something must be done. I am sure the Captain expected something to occur that night, for he was frequently on deck, and the three officers were more than once in consultation. The cook had reported, as we afterward learned, that none of the supper had been eaten, and the Captain had replied:

"Well, the durned sojers will either eat such grub as I set out, or live on their own fat."

I am telling you truthfully that not a word of mutiny was whispered during the night. We made no threats, and had no plan, but yet we all felt that the morning would bring a crisis of some sort. During the night, in the case of both watches, the officers were very abusive, and the men were struck or kicked without the shadow of an excuse. When daylight came, and we began to scrub down, the breeze died quite away, and we lay becalmed. We were at this time about ninety or a hundred miles from the British coast. When it was time for breakfast both watches were on deck, and as the men went to the cook's galley to receive their kids and pannikins all three officers showed up on deck. I was at the wheel, and I saw that the Captain and first mate had their revolvers. The kids were taken forward without a word. The food had not been changed, and the men pushed the dishes away. If there was any growling I couldn't hear it. The Captain waited about ten minutes, and then seeing that the men were not going to eat, he told the second mate to order them aft. All came in a body, and all bore themselves respectfully.

"Look here, Herbert," said the Captain, addressing the sailor, who had acted as spokesman on the previous occasion, "what is the matter with the grub?"

"It's bad, sir—unfit to eat," replied the man.

"That is, you lazy lubbers have agreed among you to call it bad, and so make me put into some port?"

"Sir, there's never a man of us but what is willing to stand for the voyage and work our best, but the grub, sir, begging your pardon, was spoiled long enough before it came aboard. Will you please to inspect it, sir?"

"Not by a damned sight, and now we'll see which end of this ship sails the other."

With that he rushed upon Herbert to strike him with his loaded weapon, while the mates seized belaying pins and dashed in to knock down as many men as they could. The sailors ran forward, and I heard some of them begging for mercy. The officers followed them, evidently determinend to wreak savage vengeance, and it was only when driven to the windlass that the men turned. It was a case of self-defence. I could not well see what followed, but I heard pistol shots, savage cries, a great struggle, and, as it now came on a dead calm, I left the wheel and ran forward. All was over when I got to the foremast. The three officers were dead or dying, Herbert and another sailor were dead, and of the remainder of the men at least five were seriously wounded. The mutiny had not lasted above five minutes. For a long time after I reached the bow the men stood looking around them without uttering a word. Then, at last, a Yankee sailor named Ben Lobdell, who had a bullet in his left shoulder, stood out a little from the rest and said:

"Mates, we have been driven to mutiny and murder. Aye, every man of you knows we had to turn to save our own lives against these officers lying dead. It has all come about through the bad grub. I shall now order the cook to prepare us breakfast, and after that is eaten we shall consult as to what is to be done. Meanwhile, as in duty bound, I will set a signal of distress."

The steward got the flag from the locker in the cabin and it was properly set. Then the hurts of the wounded were looked to, and by that time breakfast was ready. It was served in our dishes and eaten on deck, and not a man of us had a word to say. Just as we were finishing the cook and steward came out in company and hoped we would spare their lives. Ben got up and replied:

"Don't take us for either mutineers or murderers. What has been done was only in self-defence. The life of every man here is as safe as in his own home. Now, then, the first thing is to see who of the poor fellows lying on the decks has a bit of life left in him."

The Captain and first mate were dead enough, as was the case with the two sailors, but the second mate had life in him. When the men were driven to bay they turned and used their sheath knives and the capstan bars. The second mate had his left arm broken, and had received two stabs. We took him down to his berth, removed his clothes, and dressed his hurts, and when the steward had prepared him a drink he opened his eyes, and when he found that we were in possession of the ship he said, in the presence of four men.

"I expected it would turn out this way, but I had to obey orders. While you have done for me I bear you no grudge. If you will draw up a statement of how it came about, I will sign it."

I drew up a statement of fact, and the mate, who hadn't two hours to live, affixed his signature, and it was followed by the name of every man in the ship. Before noon he was dead, and after dinner we buried all the bodies and made the ship tidy. By mutual consent Ben was made Captain, and a sailor named Jack Wonder was selected as mate. It was our purpose to sail the ship back to Glasgow, and not a man was allowed in the cabin, nor were any of the stores disturbed, except the provisions. The signal was kept flying all day, but owing to the calm we did not move half a mile. Just at sundown a steamer came up with us, sent a boat aboard, and when told of what had happened she put several men aboard and got out a tow line and made fast to us. It was thus we returned to port, and the news of our arrival and the mutiny kicked up a grand excitement. We were at once put under arrest, as we expected to be, and for the first week or two all the talk was to the effect that every man of us would be hanged. It didn't seem to occur to the people at large that we could have any defence, and we were condemned long enough before the trial came on. The owners of the ship were rich as well as penurious, and they wanted us executed as a warning to other sailors. However, when the trial came on the general public got something to open their eyes. Our lawyers had had the provisions inspected by medical men, and had saved samples for the jury. The medical gentlemen affirmed that no human stomach could retain such provisions, and recommended that the owners be promptly prosecuted. Then we had the name of the mate to the statement of facts, the testimony of the steward and cook, and it was shown that we had set a signal and behaved ourselves in an orderly way.

The case was decided in ten minutes, and every man of us was set at liberty. There was talk of suits against the shipowners, but they sent an agent around to each one of us with a £10 note, and we made no move against them. Our trial and the facts brought out brought to light other facts, one of which was that British sailors were treated worse than curs and were fed mostly on condemned stores. A social and political agitation resulted, and from it grew the Government inspectors and the laws which give Sailor Jack the rights of a human being. The move which Plimsoll made against overloading was an offshoot of our mutiny, and I have heard it declared that our adventure was the best thing which could have happened for sailors on any ocean.

BORODINO AND GETTYSBURG.

Modern Battles in Which a Great Number of Men Were Killed.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is not uninteresting to state what have been the bloodiest battles of the last hundred years, that is, to compute the percentage of loss to the numbers engaged. Within the allotted time the Napoleonic battles come first. The battle of Lodi, Bonaparte's first brilliant success, was simply the daring passage of a brigade, and does not enter into the computation. Arcola was the most sanguinary struggle of the Italian campaign. The forces engaged numbered about 70,000, and the loss was about 25,000, or about 35 per cent. At Rivoli there were 80,000 men engaged, and the loss was 40,000, but 20,000 of these consisted of Austrians who surrendered to Napoleon, so that the real loss was only 25 per cent.

After Bonaparte's return from Egypt he fought the battle of Marengo. In its results this was one of the most momentous engagements in history, but all accounts agree that it was the worst planned and worst fought of all Bonaparte's victories. There were 60,000 men engaged, and the loss was 17,000, or about 28 per cent. At the battle of Austerlitz, which by many is considered Napoleon's most brilliant victory, the French and Austro-Russian armies numbered 210,000 men, and the loss was 40,000, or about 18 per cent. At Jena-Auerstadt there were 325,000 men engaged, and the loss was 40,000, or about 12 per cent. At Borodino there were 170,000 men in battle, and 80,000 were killed and wounded, amounting to more than 47 per cent. At Leipsic there were 500,000 men in the battle, which lasted three days, and the loss was 110,000, or 22 per cent. At Waterloo 140,000 men were engaged, and the loss was 40,000, or 28 per cent. In the Crimean war there were 125,000 men at the battle of Inkermann, and the casualties amounted to 25,000, or 20 per cent. At Magenta there were 225,000 men; the loss was 11 per cent., or about 25,000. At Solferino there were 250,000, and the loss was 40,000, or 16 per cent. At Sadowa the hostile forces numbered 425,000, and 70,000, or 16 per cent., were killed and wounded. At Gravelotte there were 450,000 men in the encounter, of whom 35,000, or about 8 per cent. were killed and wounded. At Shiloh the armies numbered 90,000, and the loss was 30,000, or one-third. At Fredericksburg there were 180,000, and the loss was 20,000, or 11 per cent. At Antietam there were 150,000, and the loss was 20,000, or about 13 per cent. At Chickamauga there were 105,000, and the loss was 30,000, or 29 per cent. At Chancellorsville there were 150,000, and the loss was 30,000, or 29 per cent. At Gettysburg there were 160,000, and the loss amounted to 57,000, or 39 per cent. Thus the figures show that Borodino was the bloodiest battle of modern times, with Gettysburg in the second place.